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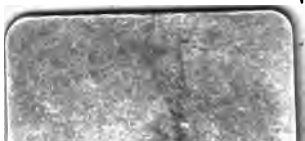


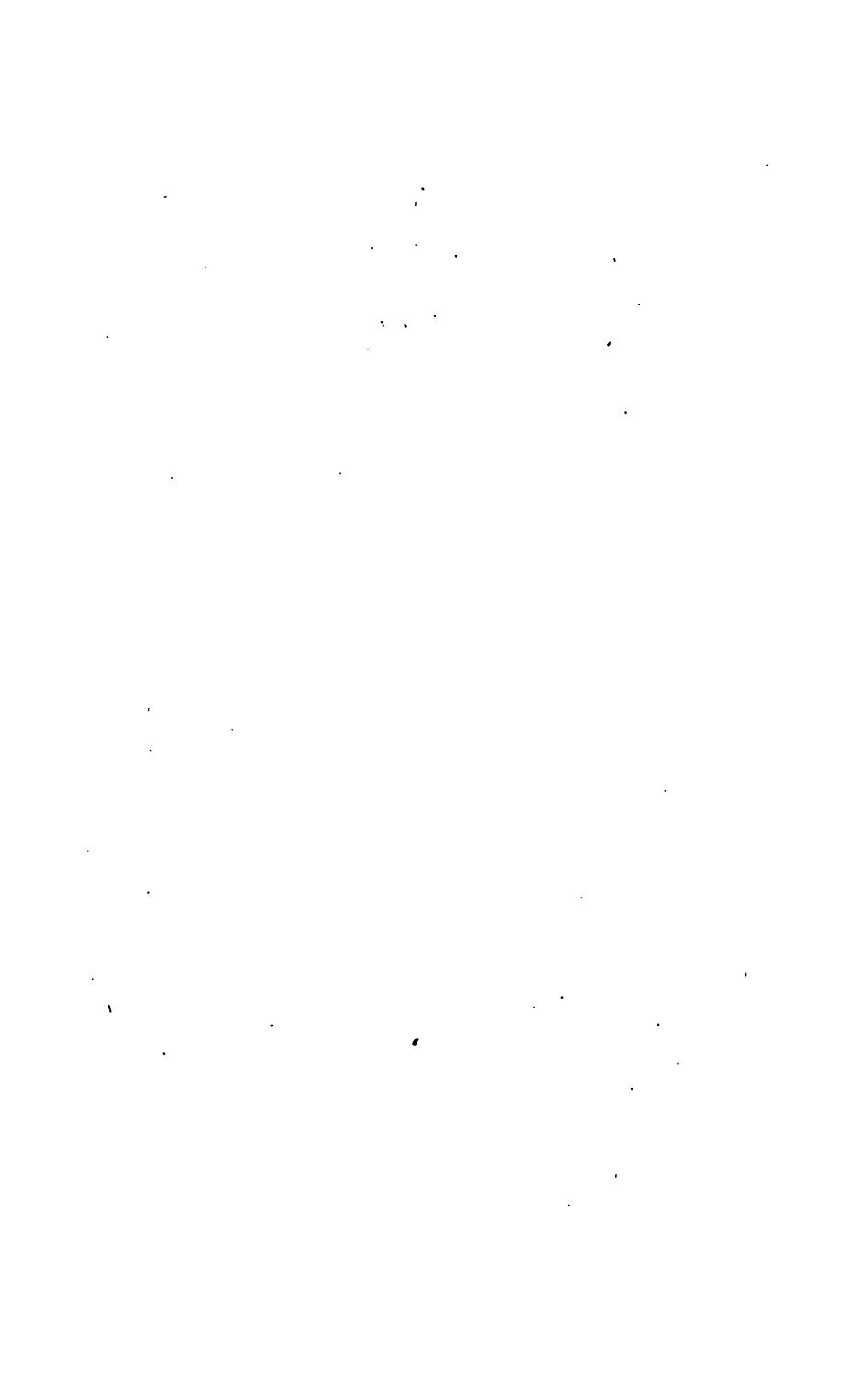


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857.







EPISTLES.

**Printed by R. GREENLAW,
36, High Holborn.**

1 *PH. 1828.*
EPISTLES

//2

In Verse.

“ neque si quis scribat, UTI NOS,
“ Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.”

HOR. Sat. IV. Lib. 1.

London:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1828.

857.



**THE Author of the following Lines hopes to be
excused for telling the Reader, that they were
written during a few, short, intervals of leisure
employed rather in seeking for instruction and
amusement, in the works of others, than in
attempting to afford either, by his own.**



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I.

EPISTLE

TO AN EMINENT

POET.

"Hic error tamen, et levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat"

HOR. EPIS. I. LIB. 2.

WRITTEN IN 1792.



Yes! thou hast chosen well "the better part,"

And, for the triumphs of the noblest art,

Hast wisely scorn'd the sordid cares of life;

It's gaudy joys, and it's ambitious strife.

Less fitted for the many, than the few

That love the Beautiful, and seek the True,

Too proud to pay his honor for his fame,

To wish a statesman's, or a conqueror's name,

The Poet shuns the Senate, and the Field;

Known in his verse, but in his life conceal'd:

As some unheeded flower, that loves the shade,

Is by the fragrance of it's leaf betray'd.

Far from the world's broad glare, the din of men,
He seeks the pathless wood, the twilight glen,
The silent mountain, the deserted stream,
Unseen, unheard, to woo the waking dream :
Now from the hanging rock and foaming shore,
Raves to the deaf sea, while it's waters roar :
Or musing sits, while airy voices call,
Whole summer-days beside the torrent-fall.
O'er the wild heath, alone, at eve he strays,
To catch with lingering look the sun's last rays :
Or watch the prying moon-beam, as it roves
Through towers forsaken long, and haunted groves :
And, as each glance some phantom-form reveals,
A strange belief of darkness born he feels :
And oft, when Fancy wakes her shadowy broods,
On his shut sense no sight, no sound, intrudes,

To break the spells that bid her visions play
 Array'd in colours not derived from day,
 He, as her power the cherish'd past restores,
 Sighs for the absent, or the lost deplores :
 Then from his lips burst forth the unbidden strains
 In that wild hour when reason scarcely reigns.

Now in the closet's stillness, through the night,
 He watches by the taper's trembling light;
 The deep recesses of his mind explores,
 Wakes every sleeping thought in memory's stores,
 With eager joy each dawning hint pursues,
 Yet courts in vain the coy, capricious, Muse:
 For still he finds his struggling powers too weak
 The dazzling vision, burning theme to speak :
 The tuneless sounds, the sullied speech, of earth
 Refuse to give his revelations birth :

Still the dark phrase, th' unmarshall'd thoughts confess

His shame, his glory, rapture and distress,

Mute till the Muse her aid propitious brings,

* And heav'nly themes in heav'n's own accents sings.

High o'er the earth's revolving Poles he soars,

Scorning her trodden paths, her fathom'd shores,

With dauntless hand the gates of heav'n unfolds,

And all it's glories unrebuk'd beholds!

Or, darting downward, with presumptuous flight,

Explores the realms of everlasting night;

Or calls to life creations all his own,

Where brighter suns, and sweeter shades are known,

And fairer forms still charm the unsated eye

'Than here just bloom to fade, just breathe to die.

* *Poesis,.....etiam ad animi magnitudinem et ad mores
conferat—Et meritó divinitatis cujuspiam particeps videri possit.*

BACON de Augm. Scient. Cap. XIII. Lib. 2.

No vapours rise as the fair Morn awakes,
 But, all unveil'd, light from her beauty breaks:
 On odorous wing unwearied zephyrs play,
 Murmur sweet music, and abate the day:
 In clouds of gold the lingering evenings close,
 And every night the moon's mild lustre glows:
 O'er glittering gems the living waters flow,
 Flowers of all hues, all scents, uncultur'd, blow;
 Rich harvests (*here* the slow reward of toil)
 Bend the wild bough, and crown the untroubled soil:
 On every breeze soft notes of rapture swell
 From echoing rock, green hill, or bowery dell:
 And through the year (one bright unchanging Spring)
 The coy night-warbling bird delights to sing.
 No hawk pursues the minstrels of the air,
 Nor shuns the kid the lion's bloodless lair;

And none harm man, nor are of man the prey,
 And friendship fears no change, love no decay :
 No pleasures pall, no cares, no pains annoy,
 To ask is to obtain, to wish is to enjoy.

Scenes that recall the visions of that world
 Whence man's rebellious Spirit erst was hurl'd
 The fading memory, fainting hopes restore
 Of all he held, of all he was before.

Yet were this all his boast, how poor the praise!
 He proudly seeks man's abject thoughts to raise,
 Wakes all our hopes of glory, fears of shame,
 Incites to merit, and rewards with, fame.

Heroes and kings their names, their forms may trust
 To the grav'd medal, or the mimic bust,
 Their deeds consign to Painting's glowing hand,
 Raise pillars to the sky, and bid them stand:

In vain !—the aspiring column prostrate falls,
 The colours vanish from the faithless walls ;
 Soon the dim coin shall mock the poring eye ;
 Born of the rock the breathing statue die . . .
 Like man his proudest works to dust return :
 See ! through the shattered tomb the mould'ring urn !
 Temple and tower shall strew th' encumber'd plain :
 Of mightiest empires not a trace remain ;
 But verse ! immortal, ever in it's prime,
 Defies decay, and triumphs over Time ! . . .

Inspir'd, not taught, the bard's exalted art,
 In sacred trust, to few the heav'ns impart :
 A new, a nobler sense in man to wake,
 From all his instincts all their grossness take,
 O'er Nature's works a nameless charm to throw ;
 On life a grace, a glory, to bestow ; . . .

It's duties dignify, it's joys enhance,
 And lend to truth the interest of romance,
 To teach content, yet bid our hopes aspire,
 Endear this world, and fit us for a higher.
 Conscious of his high call, he still disdains
 To charm by vulgar, or unhallow'd strains ;
 Yet stoops to guide the heedless steps of youth,
 And leads thro' fiction's flowery path to truth :
 With pious fraud seduces man from ill,
 And courts his fancy to controul his will.

Sweet though his numbers as the murmuring stream,
 And bright each image as the morning beam,
 Though the wit sparkle, tho' the passion flame,
 And Fashion dictate to obedient Fame ;
 Yet—if the theme be grovelling or impure,
 The verse is mortal :—it shall not endure :

Virtue's the vital spark, the deathless soul,
That must pervade, and animate the whole:
He from the altar borrows all his fires,
And consecrates to heav'n what heav'n inspires.
Oh haste! the laurel twine, the statue raise,
Vast the desert, and equal be the praise!
Lo! Plenty at his feet her tribute flings!
His rank with Princes, and his seat with Kings!
Ah no!—in penury, perhaps in shame,
He lives, whom lost, contending nations claim,
Lives—not dismayed, nor murmuring at his lot,
Content though poor, not humbled though forgot.
He can at once foresee, and brave his doom,
Sure that the Palm shall flourish o'er his tomb,
The world's neglect, with generous scorn repays,
And proud to serve mankind foregoes it's praise.

How different is thy fate accomplished friend !
Whom still the most commended most commend :
Thine all the honors of a well earn'd name,
Secure of present as of future fame ;
Thine fortune's favors too, and thine the art,
(So rarely learnt) to use them, and to impart.

Thus gifted, thus encouraged, be it thine
To lift thy light on high, and bid it shine,
A star ! to guide the wanderer as he strays
O'er life's dark ocean, and it's trackless ways :
Thy course so well begun pursuing still,
Obey thy call ; thy destiny fulfil ;
And pour out all the treasures of thy mind,
Bestow'd on thee, but meant for all mankind.

II.

EPISTLE

TO A LADY

WITH

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
Pleniùs, ac meliùs Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

Hon. Ep. II. Lib. 1.

WRITTEN IN 1788.



Ah! though invited by the Spring and Thee
In vain I sigh, and struggle to get free :
Mid smoke and noise, repining I must stay,
And leave untasted all the sweets of May ;
To waste in stifling crowds the fragrant hours,
And lose the year's first shoots, and earliest flowers.

For now the tardy white-thorn blows, and now
The blossom hangs on every orchard-bough :
In bower and field, each blade and leaflet teems
With murmurs of delight, and golden gleams,

As waking myriads swarm below, above,
And the dead quicken, and the living love.
And now each morn what clouds of incense rise,
What hymns of rapture! grateful to the skies!
While all night long a sweet sad voice is heard,
The soothing vespers of the wakeful bird.
Man too reviving his glad tribute pays:
(Most cause has he for thankfulness and praise)
Each vernal scene to his prophetic eye
More dear, as harbingers of Summer nigh,
Soon to expand her warm maternal wing,
And nurse the tender infants of the Spring:
So shall the earth her countless broods sustain,
And of her millions none be born in vain.
Yet must I stay, though bidden to attend
The blissful rite, that gives thee to my friend.

Nor at the altar hear thy trembling voice,
 And see thy blushes, own thy maiden-choice.
 Though absent present, I unite my prayer,
 (Needless if love excluded every care)
 That Fate, befriending virtue, may bestow
 More than ye hope, and all ye wish below.

Source of my friend's best joys, who still shall find
 When thy cheek fades, fresh beauties in thy mind,
 Sweet Soother of those ills that all must share,
 And he must learn, tho' blest with thee, to bear,
 Could Love alone life's few short hours employ,
 Bidding Time borrow swifter wings from Joy,
 Sages had taught, and Poets sung, in vain,
 All art were folly, and all science pain—
 But oh! ye days when beauty's soft controul
 First woke the slumbering instincts of the soul,

Sudden and swift when Love's resistless flame
Flash'd through each kindling atom of our frame,
When the gay visions of it's infant hours,
And all it's first fine extacies were ours,
Too soon your value from your loss we learn!
Too soon ye fly! ah! never to return!
Some busy fiend of Folly's envious broods
In our defenceless paradise intrudes,
And lures from peace and joy to grief and shame,
Whispering vain hopes of pleasure, power, or fame.
Exiled these blissful bowers, before our eyes
A bleak wide world in cheerless prospect lies,
Where some must force, by unrelenting toil,
Their scanty comforts from a stubborn soil,
While others sigh, amid their stores to find
No cure for care, no medicine for the mind,

To still the pang that conscience can impart,
 And calm the restless pulses of the heart,
 Throbbing as burns ambition's feverish fire,
 Faltering with grief, or fluttering with desire.
 Still must we bear, though shunning public strife,
 The small hostilities of private life,
 Those nameless, countless evils that infest
 All, all that breathe, the happiest and the best.
 Even Love from every ill is not secure,
 But has it's hours of absence to endure.
 These hours to cheat, and speed the sluggish day,
 What spell so witching as the poet's Lay ?

He from it's cares the enraptur'd soul can steal,
 While busied fancy quite forgets to feel :
 Tranc'd in the day-dreams of the fabling Muse,
 The dull realities of life we lose ;

The senses sleep ; truth yields to fiction's power ;
 A transient phrenzy fills the extatic hour.

But this the humblest triumph of his art ;
 Which soothes to soften, melts to mould the heart ;
 Calls forth new powers, with loftier passions fires,
 And generous thoughts, and glorious deeds inspires.

Not thus the world's contagious school, for thence
 The head buys knowledge at the heart's expence :
 An after-wisdom, ever learnt too late
 To save from error, or it's ills abate ;
 A purblind prudence, missing still it's aim,
 Almost a vice, though with a virtue's name ;
 Knowledge of evil, hurtful humbling truth !
 That, while it teaches, taints the thoughts of youth,
 It's cheerful faith with dreary doubts annoys,
 Daunts it's brave hopes, and blights it's opening joys.

Vice is not safely seen, tho' seen forewarn'd,
 Better unknown, than known but to be scorn'd :
 More wise in happy ignorance to remain,
 Than in the tranquil bosom nurse Disdain,
 And Hate, and Terror, Passions all unblest,
 Unmeet to fill the sanctuary of the breast.

Fear is low born, but Hope of high descent,
 Allied at once to Virtue and Content.

Ah ! if we see no smiles in Nature's face,
 Her gifts lose half their value, all their grace :
 Trembling we take them, and with thankless mind,
 (Deaf to the harmony, the beauty blind,)
 Too oft revile the bounteous blissful plan,
 And it's great Author, in his image, Man.

Then be the Muse thy teacher, and thy guide,
 Nor heed the bigot's fear, the sage's pride,

*In SHAKSPEARE'S Scenes, the unsullied mind may see,
 Safe from it's harms, the world's epitome ;
 May learn to fill it's duties, meet it's cares,
 Enjoy it's blessings, and escape it's snares.

In life's gay glare, as in the solar blaze,
 Confused and lost each mingling colour plays,
 Opprest, the baffled eyeball turns away,
 Nor can discern the tints that form the day:
 His page prismatic breaks the dazzling mass,
 And bids the blended hues distinctly pass.

No dead remains of ancient art he knew,
 But from the life man's naked nature drew :

* He that has read Shakspeare with attention will perhaps find
 little new in the crowded world.

JOHNSON.

The changeful features of the soul pourtray'd,
 And caught the latent muscles as they play'd ;
 The bold but faithful sketch shall live, and last
 Till the decaying world itself be past.

He the dim glass of learning could despise,
 And look through nature with unaided eyes :
 The sun of genius, with resistless ray,
 On all her dark recesses pours the day.
 He sees, exposed to his presumptuous glance,
 The magic cavern, and the fairy-dance ;
 Dares the dread secrets of the grave to trace,
 And view it's awful wonders face to face ;
 The sullen spectres at his will employs,
 The murderer's couch to haunt, to blast his festal joys.

But themes like these to loftier strains belong,
 And the Bride trembles at the lengthening song.

For now, in fair perspective, rise to view,
All the heart sigh'd for, all the fancy drew
In those gay hours when love *was* life's employ,
And Hope was young, and credulous of joy.
Oh! may she find each flattering promise truth,
And Time fulfil the prophecies of Youth.
But, should Fate frown, may virtue's cheerful ray,
More bright than suns, illumine life's cloudy day,
Dispel the shades that o'er it's evening rise,
And light her footsteps to the expecting skies.

POSTSCRIPT,

1804.

THUS, long long since, my verse prophetic flow'd,
But Fate has more than I foretold bestow'd :
Still, blest and blessing, each succeeding year
Has found thee happier, lovelier and more dear.

Yes! there are charms that scorn the spoiler Time,
More than predicted by my timorous rhyme :
Then the gay bride, the wife, the mother now,
A graver beauty decks thy matron brow.
Years while they stole have giv'n grace for grace,
Thy virtues are recorded in thy face :
A thousand tender thoughts have gather'd there,
More likeness to thy heart thy features bear.

E.

More of his virtues top, who still is thine,
Smile in thy looks, and through thy manners shine.

Of those we love unconsciously we learn ;
We think their thoughts, and with their passions burn,
Breathe the same accents, the same idiom speak :
Strong in their strength,—but in their weakness weak.

How grateful then art thou, to him allied,
Whose merits were thy choice, and are thy pride !
So shall ye both (long hence) survive in one,
Both still be lov'd and honor'd in your son :
Not o'er his form alone your semblance play,
His mind your blended influence shall betray :
The mother's softness, and the father's fire,
In one harmonious character conspire :
With feeling spirit, modesty with worth,
Shall be the proofs, and blessings of his birth.

III.

EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND

ON

MARRIAGE.

'Poor moralist ! and what art Thou ?

GRAY.

WRITTEN IN 1790.

HERE, where his rapid flood the TAMAR leads
Through desert cliffs, wild woods, and pathless meads,
Or where, in conflict with the lessening shores,
Up the sweet inland-vale the ATLANTIC pours,
While with the thrush the seamew blends her notes,
Or on the rocking surge in slumber floats,
And oft the ploughman stays his team to mark
The drooping flag of many a captured bark
Following the conqueror's course, as on he rides,
And stems, with foaming prow, the murmuring tides,
Here, once again I bid the world adieu,
And my heart turns to friendship and to you.

Friend of my youth! who first, with fostering ray,
 Play'd round my morn of life, now gild my day,
 (Nor shall one sullen vapour rise to lour,
 And cloud its influence o'er my evening hour)
 While you, in plighted faith, and mutual love,
 Find joys on earth resembling those above,
 And, proud a father's hallowed name to bear,
 Taste pleasure's cordial in the cup of care,
 Sad through a solitary world I stray,
 With none to cheer my steps, nor chide my stay.
 Not ours to slumber in supine content,
 Or only wake to weep o'er time mispent:
 To man a task is set, a blessing given,
 To do the will, and earn the joys of heav'n.
 Engrafted on the stock of DUTY rise
 Fruits ever fair, transplanted from the skies,

And far more rare, more precious, than of old
 Bloom'd on the hesperian tree in living gold :
 Than those more subtle to revive and save
 * Which to the wandering Chief great HERMES gave.
 Or HELEN crush'd to drug the wondrous bowl
 † That sooth'd his son, and stay'd his drooping soul ;
 For these have power the wounded mind to heal,
 And bid remorse itself forget to feel ;
 And these are yours, who, gifted to excell,
 Preferr'd in peace and privacy to dwell ;
 And chose the safe, sequester'd path, that steals
 Far from the highway-crowd, and crash of wheels :
 Who, skilled in that rare art, the art to live,
 Ask not the world for more than it can give,

* *Odyssey*, Book X. line 302.

† *Odyssey*, Book IV. line 220.

But, taught to fear it's strife, and shun it's noise,
 Disdain it's honors, and distrust it's joys,
 Have sought content, not wealth, esteem, not fame,
 And to deserve, though not desire, a name.
 To thy pure mind reveal'd, in early youth,
 The seeming paradox, but sovereign truth,
 (Oft to the aged and the wise unknown)
 That seeking other's good we find our own.
 Generous self-love! whose dictates to pursue
 (Alas! the unenvied privilege of few!)
 Fills with such sweet employment every hour,
 That whether wayward Fortune, shine or lour,
 Whether above ambition or below,
 A bliss unborrow'd of the world we know,
 And, blest in blessing, proudly can disclaim
 Rank, riches, power, and (harder task!) ev'n fame.

The social passions their own bliss create;
 A bliss not subject to the power of Fate.
 Friendship, though call'd to suffer or endure,
 Love without hope, that finds, that seeks, no cure,
 (Blest though the obdurate fair no smile accord,
 For Love, like virtue, is it's own reward,)
 The tears of Pity, or of soft regret
 For those we lose, but never can forget,
 The Fear that watches in a mother's eye,
 When first her infant breathes it's feeble cry;
 Even these a soberer, surer bliss impart,
 A subtler pleasure kindle in the heart,
 Than selfish triumphs, or the dead repose,
 The sullen quiet that the Stoic knows.
 Cold on the mountain-heath, exposed and bare,
 The lone oak shudders in the troubled air,

Around his stem her arms no woodbine flings,
 Beneath his shade no tender sapling springs :
 His leaf untimely falls : his shatter'd form
 Shrinks from the fury of the driving storm,
 But born in happier soil, in grove, or wood,
 Shelter'd, his spreading branches long had stood,
 And borne their annual honors green in age,
 Safe from the summer-blaze, the winter's rage.

Emblem of him whose solitary cares
 No partner of his comforts more than shares :
 For love too proud, for happiness too wise,
 He looks on beauty with undazzled eyes,
 Computes, compares, and gravely, sagely cold,
 In cautious folly, rash delay grows old ;
 Doubts till fastidious youth his suit derides,
 And Time (the coward's fortitude) decides.

Haply he seeks in mercenary arms
 Love's modest pleasures, and mysterious charms,
 Presumes to hope it's transports can be sold,
 Trusting the weak omnipotence of gold.

But mark the dreary evening of his life!
 Deserted then! perhaps disturb'd by strife!
 Ah then! in lonely age, 'tis his to sigh
 For tender care, and soothing sympathy.
 By his sick bed no long-lov'd face appears,
 No well-known step, no well-known voice he hears:
 Strangers, for hire, his last sad moments tend;
 No children's prayers relenting heav'n ascend:
 He dies, and is forgot!—Scarce known his doom;
 And weeds soon hide his unfrequented tomb.

Start from thy trance thou Fool! awake in time!
 Snatch the short pleasures of thy fleeting prime!

While yet youth's healthful fever warms the blood,
 And the pulse throbs in vigour's rapid flood ;
 While Love invites, whose spells possess the power,
 Ages of bliss to crowd into an hour !
 Though to fond memory each blest hour appears
 Rich with the transports of eventful years !
 To Love alone such magic can belong :
 The present still so short ! the past so long !

But youth is on the wing, and will not stay ;
 Fair morn too oft of a foul wintery day !
 A warm but watery gleam extinguished soon
 In storm, or vapour, gathering o'er it's noon ;
 And should the unwearied Sun shine on, till night
 Quench his hot ray, and cloud his cheerful light,
 How fast the shadow o'er the dial flies !
 While to himself fond man a debtor dies,

Trusting to-morrow still, or misemploy'd
 He leaves the world unknown, and unenjoy'd.

Haste then as nature dictates dare to live ;
 Ask of thy youth the pleasures youth should give :
 So shall thy manhood, and thy age confess
 That of the past the present learns to bless,
 And thou shalt boast, with mingling joy and pride,
 The wife, the mother, dearer than the bride,
 And own, as on thy knees thy children grow,
 That home becomes an early heav'n below.

There still an angel hovers o'er the fence,
 To drive with flaming sword all evil thence :
 There, in a little grove of kindred, rise
 Those tender plants, the human charities,
 Which in the world's cold soil and boisterous air,
 Withhold their blossoms, and refuse to bear,

Or all unshelter'd from the blaze of day,
 Their golden fruit falls premature away.

Hail holy marriage! hail indulgent law!
 Whose kind restraints in closer union draw
 Consenting hearts and minds :—By thee confin'd
 Instinct's ennobled, and desire refined.

Man is a savage else, condemn'd to roam
 Without companion, and without a home :
 And helpless woman, as alone she strays,
 With sighs and tears her new-born babe surveys;
 But choosing, chosen, never more to part,
 New joys new duties blending in her heart,
 Endow'd alike to charm him and to mend,
 Man gains at once a mistress and a friend :
 In one fair form obtaining from above
 An angel's virtues and a woman's love :

Then guarded, cherish'd, and confest her worth,
She scorns the pangs that give his offspring birth,
Lifts for the father's kiss the laughing boy,
And sees and shares his triumph and his joy.

Source of our bliss, and solace of our woe,
To thee our value as our joy we owe,
On thee all morals, and all laws depend,
And, reft of thee, society must end!

This earth resplendent in her rich array!
Herb, tree, fruit, flower; yon radiant orb of day!
The moon, fair mirror of his soften'd light!
The stars that crowd the purple vault of night!
The wandering comet's bright, portentous, train!
The expanse of heav'n! th' illimitable main!
The storm that lifts it's billows to the sky!
The bursting cloud whence fiery arrows fly!

The awful voice of thunder ! and the shock
 Of earthquakes ! when the Globe's huge pillars rock !
 The countless flocks and herds ! the savage brood
 That shake the forest with their cries for food !
 The unwieldy sovereigns of the living deep !
 The shoals half-sentient in her caves that sleep !
 The swarms that revel on each leaf and blade
 In rainbow-hues, and burning gold array'd !
 The exulting tenants of the peopled sky !
 Those worlds on worlds that mock the assisted eye !
 Stupendous Scene !—Could less than heav'n create
 The parts so wond'rous of a whole so great ?
 —Without their lord, the moral being Man,
 Say what are all ?—a Chaos, not a plan ;
 MAN placed on earth behold the full design
 Declares aloud it's Author is divine :


And hark ! a voice from heav'n proclaims his will
That favor'd man's immortal race should fill
The world's wide fields, o'er every tribe should reign,
Crown the whole work, nor all be made in vain.



IV.
EPISTLE
FROM THE
ALPS.

Mi giovera narrare altrui
Le novità vedute, e dir, io fui
TASSO GER, Lib. XV. 38.

THUN 1816.





RELEAS'D at length I drop that heavy oar,
Which thousands (once fast chain'd) must quit no more,
And like a steed let loose, that shakes his mane,
And loudly neighing, scours across the plain,
With kindling hopes, and swelling heart, I fly
For health and pleasure to a fairer sky.

The anchor's weigh'd, the north-wind fills the sail :
Adieu dear ENGLAND ! FRANCE thy shores I hail !
Not now to linger in thy lengthening plains,
Or gilded city, revelling in it's chains ;
Reft of it's spoil, those miracles of art !
Which through th' enchanted eye exalt the heart :

For they reconquer'd twice, and repossess,
 Shall with their rightful lords for ever rest;
 Borne back in triumph by the blood-stain'd arms
 Of those, who from the cradle felt their charms,
 Yet bought too dearly in that gallant strife
 By many a lov'd, and long lamented life.

Far to the south in joyful haste I run
 To bask in vallies nearer to the sun:
 And lo! where, fearless of his hottest fires,
 High o'er the clouds the hoary ALP aspires!
 In vain the thunder rolls, the lightnings fly,
 His icy summit braves the burning sky.

O'er earth and heav'n what sudden splendors play
 As in the west declines the orb of day!
 But ah! the glory fades, and melts away.

As gay my hopes, as swiftly have they fled,
 Of those bereft whose faltering steps I led,
 Of those so dear, whose absence dims the day,
 While sad and lonely onward still I stray.

Oh! were they here the visions to behold,
 That still before my moistening eyes unfold!

In vain!—for ENGLAND and for home they sail,
 To shelter that sweet flower so fair, so frail,
 Which now in hope, and now alas! in fear,
 They strive thro' sun-shine, and thro' show'r, to rear.
 Then flow my verse! to soothe their just regret:
 Nor their last wish, their parting charge forget.
 The rude, faint sketch their patience shall forgive;
 For how shall language bid the landscape live?

See hills o'er hills in rich confusion rise!
 (Their blue tops blending with the distant skies)

O'er the still lake their giant-shadows throw,
And view their awful forms revers'd below.
The dizzy pass where scarce the chamois goes
O'er seas of ice, and through eternal snows :
Th' o'erwhelming avalanche, of power to sweep
Flock, herd and village o'er the yawning steep ;
High o'er the dark abyss the plank that bends
From cliff to cliff, now sinks, and now ascends
Beneath the hunter's foot, while, scarcely heard,
Sails far below, and screams the imperial bird.
The headlong Fall, on whose resplendent spray
In tiny circlets it's own rainbows play :
(Oft from the summit flies the ponderous rock
Hurl'd down in thunder by the torrent's shock,
As on it foams, with many an oak up-torn,
Raging from morn to eve, from eve to morn)

The rifted chasm ; the cavern full of night,
 Where the wild brook eludes the baffled sight.
 The countless streams that feed the living lake,
 And gently bid it's slumbering waters wake;
 While from each bay, behind the sheltering trees,
 Steals many a bark to catch the welcome breeze,
 Spreads the white sail, or lifts the sparkling oar,
 Seeking, for gain or sport, the distant shore,
 Now o'er the willing wave exulting glides,
 Now bravely struggles with the vanquished tides :
 The wilderness of woods ! the vale of flowers !
 Green, as in spring-time, through the sultry hours,
 By hills o'er-arched that lend both shade and showers..
 Haply of old some gentle Angel, sent
 To heal some grief, or prompt some high intent,

To smite the oppressor, or uplift the opprest,
 Returning homeward from his high behest,
 Pleas'd with his work of justice or of grace,
 Paus'd here, and left his blessing on the place.

So fair the land that as it's children stray
 Far from their country and their homes away,
 If chance those simple, well known, sounds they hear
 (Tho' scarcely music to a stranger's ear)
 Which on their native hills the milk-maid sings,
 (While the slant sun his lengthening shadow flings)
 Her wandering heifer homeward to recall
 From the wild woodland to the sheltering stall,
 What wonder that for these lov'd scenes they yearn,
 And back, in sighs and tears, repentant turn?
 But this the least *HELVETIA* of thy praise!
 That in thee Nature all her charms displays,

And smiling sits on her exalted throne,
Fair in eternal youth, majestic and alone!
For safe within the rampart of thy rocks
Wander the myriads of thy herds and flocks,
The generous vine too gladdens all thy vales;
And sickness flies before thy mountain-gales:
And thine th' enlighten'd industry, that fills
With plenty every cottage on thy hills,
Whence, through the darkness of the busy night,
Gleams, starlike, many a taper's wakeful light;
Thine too each Son of Science, whether born
To teach of other worlds, or this adorn:
Bold, in the search of knowledge, to explore
The mine's tremendous secrets, or to soar
E'en to the Glacier's point, and, safely there,
With mortal lips, inhale "empyrean air;"

And thine the lofty bard, the letter'd sage,
 Whose glory shall survive from age to age ;
 In thee too Man is found, as man should be,
 Active and brave, and innocent, and free :
 The last not least, for that secures the rest :
 The willing slave deserves not to be blest ;
 Nor merits more the tyrant, both debased,
 And from the rank of man alike disgraced :
 Both, reft of all that should controul us here,
 One without hope, the other without fear,
 Torn all those sure, those subtle ties that bind
 Man to his brother-man, and mind to mind.

Oh ! then ye natives of this happy land !
 Assembling all, around your altars stand :
 There shall the Spirits of your fathers rise,
 To hear ye vow the patriot-sacrifice

Of every feud that separates clan from clan,
And of your Union mars the heav'n-taught plan.
Swear too that none, who dare in arms to strive
For your best birthright, shall th' attempt survive,
For well ye know the fraud and force of those
(At once the unwisest and the worst of foes)
Who thirst to enslave ye; tho' the accursed deed,
No gain to them, would make ye "poor indeed."
Oh! watch, from all your hills, with wary eye,
The smallest cloud, that darkens in the sky,
Drawn from your own, or from a foreign soil,
To blight the harvest of your father's toil:
Revere the sacred memory of the Dead,
Nor lose the liberty for which they bled;
Fulfil the trust to your own children due,
And leave them all your Sires bequeath'd to you.

For so, when gather'd to their ashes, long
 Your names shall live in story and in song.
 Nor are your hills the limits of your fame,
 Wide as the world the gratitude you claim ;
 All, in your freedom free, your cause shall bless,
 Refuge of all whom prince or priest oppress.
 Doom'd for his virtues or his faith to roam,
 In you the injured exile finds a home ; *
 Safe and revered, the Patriot and the Sage
 Smile at the Monk's, or Tyrant's, harmless rage.
 And yet, though fair the land, the people blest,
 In thee, in thee, dear ENGLAND ! would I rest :
 I love thee better still the more I roam :
 Proud of thee as my country and my home :

* Alas ! this praise is no longer deserved.

Thou fear'st not foreign nor domestic foes,
 Thy laws no haughty neighbour dares impose,
 Safe in thy valiant sons, thy subject-sea,
 Thou dost not ask permission to be free:
 Nay ! had thy Spartan youth no wall of waves,
 A world confederate could not make them slaves,
 So early taught to think a freeman's life
 Not worth preserving, vanquish'd in that strife.

But 'tis not now my theme to boast thy charms,
 Thou land of wealth and virtue, arts and arms !
 Thou art my choice, tho' changeful, tho' austere
 Thy clime ; and oft in pain, and oft in fear,
 My panting lip, and labouring breast, inhale
 The winter lingering in thy vernal gale.

Henceforth (my skill forgot, my strength no more)
 I quit life's stormy sea, and seek the shore ;

My only task the footsteps to pursue
(Far far behind!) of those, the virtuous few
Who serve, without reward, in Freedom's cause,
And hourly watch the sanctuary of her laws,
No more oh London! but when duty calls,
To breathe the cloud that hovers o'er thy walls,
To stem thy crowds, endure thy deafening noise,
Gaze at thy splendors, or repent thy joys:
From thee far off I turn my willing feet
To the lone quiet of my lov'd retreat:
To stray from field to field in careless ease,
And count the blossoms on the tardy trees;
Climb the high down to meet the rising sun,
Or in my copse his mid-day fervor shun.
Oft as he sinks, accomplished Lock! behind
Thy solemn groves, up thy steep lawn I wind

Unseen, unheard, to mark his crimson ray
 Gleam through the gathering clouds, and fade away ;
 Then, homeward turning, oft the past review ;
 Learn from old errors to escape from new ;
 Or call back joys long-fled, that would not stay,
 Slighted perhaps in youth's presumptuous day,
 (Yet youth to age a lesson oft can give,
 And teach its timorous wisdom how to live)
 Now dreaming though awake, I soar in air,
 And build a thousand gorgeous castles there ;
 Then drop into my cottage-home content :
 The night's repose earn'd by the day well spent.
 Still happier when by those my Board is cheer'd
 (Kindred or friends) whom love has long endear'd ;
 Or should some honor'd Guest, half smiling, deign
 To trace the limits of my little reign,

Then proud of both, each varying scene I show ;
 The impending cliff, the gulphy stream below ;
 The box-clad hill, in whose unfading groves,
 Fragrant and fair, the lingering traveller roves ;
 The grey church-spire, the tree-embosom'd Town ;
 The clustering flocks that crowd the upland-down ;
 The distant mountain with it's far-seen tower,
 Now a sad purple in the summer-shower,
 Now smiling, as the air-born colours play,
 And the Sun's course from dawn to dark betray :
 The druid-grove, where many a reverend Yew
 Hides from his thirsty beam the noontide dew ;
 The swelling steeps of Norbury's beech-crown'd height
 Where lovely nature, tasteful art unite
 To lure the Traveller's eye, and then detain,
 Spell-bound, and loth to leave the fair domain.

Meanwhile I listen with attentive ear
 To catch his magic accents, as they veer
 From wit to wisdom ; his, upon whose tongue
 The fate of his lov'd Ireland oft has hung ;
 Or his, before whose philosophic eye
 The mists, that hide man's noblest science fly ;
 Destin'd his country's glories to record,
 And give her chiefs their last and best, reward.
 Or his, who sings so well in Memory's praise
 That She shall ne'er forget his deathless lays,
 Or his, whom, in the Senate, modest worth
 Had raised to rank unknown to wealth or birth :
 Or his (now mute in an untimely grave !) *
 Wont to redress the wrong'd, protect the slave,

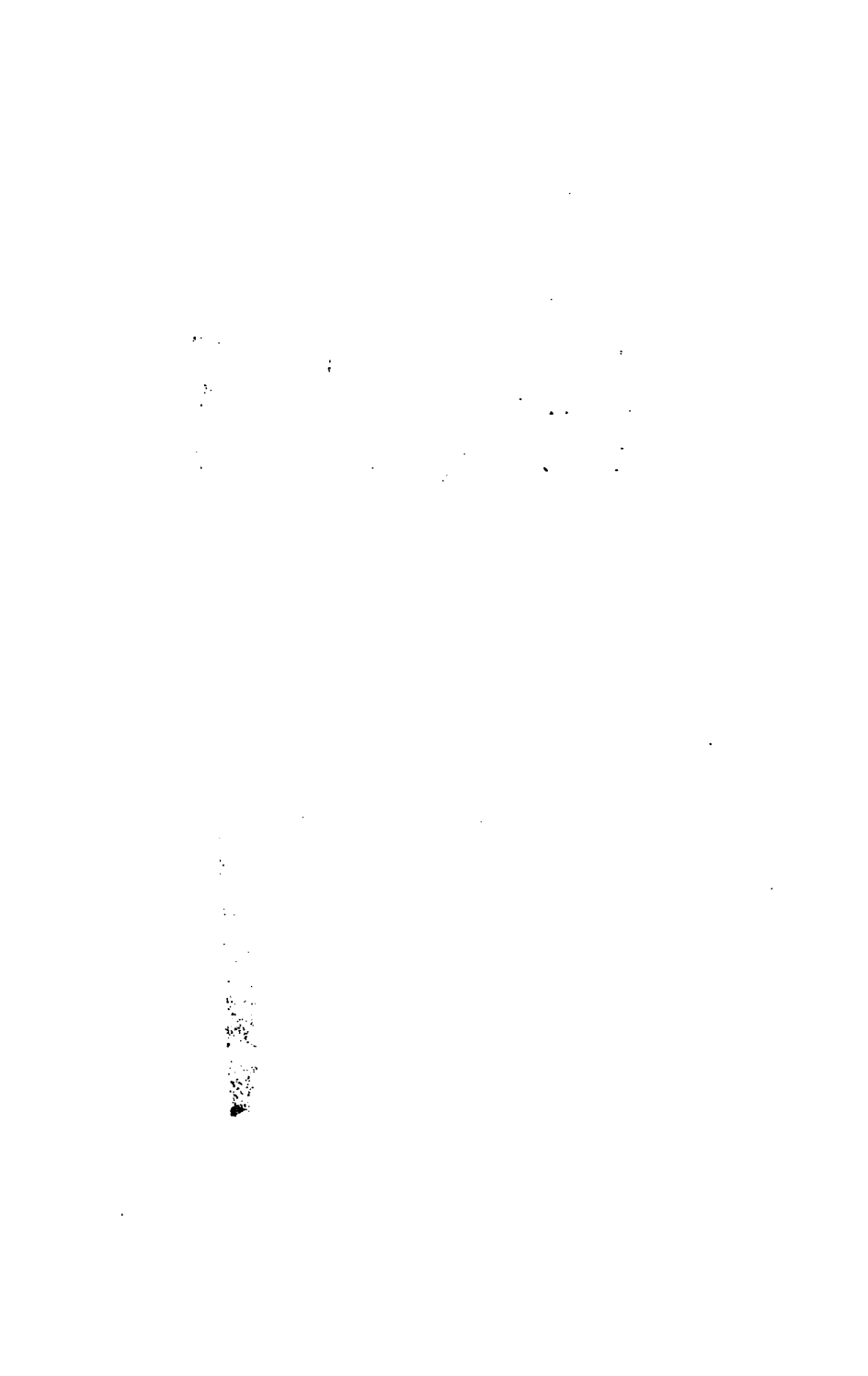
* Added in 1819.

Arraign the Greatest guilty ; and persuade
Stern Law to sheathe her sanguinary blade.

With such to live the envied lot be mine,
Pleas'd for the few the many to resign :
Blest in the esteem of such, and self-respect
More precious still, how vain the world's neglect !
How vain it's honors ! oft too dearly bought,
And worth the having only when unsought.
Ah ! " hopes too fondly nurs'd, too rudely crost."
Even now I mourn for some for ever lost,
Not only mine, but their sad country's boast.

Not long I weep, to follow I prepare,
I would not be the last that heav'n shall spare ;
Still some are left me, long in friendship tried,
Whose converse cheers me, and whose counsels guide.

Lov'd too by those departed, and, in fame
In genius, equal—equal, not the same;
With these I ask life's few last hours to spend
Then calmly meet, nor wish'd, nor fear'd, its end.



V.

EPISTLE

TO A VERY

YOUNG LADY.

BADEN BADE, 1821.



BEHOLD, dear Girl, at your request,
A letter to yourself address,
And written, as you wished, in rhyme,
And dated from a foreign clime.

For now, once more, abroad I roam
In search of what I leave at home,
Pleasure—which follow'd loves to fly,
But waited for, still hovers nigh.
And yet I go, and go alone:
Perhaps by penance to atone
For follies past, of ancient date,
Having committed none of late.

But ah ! I see your well-known smile,
 And hear you laughing too the while :
 Though 'tis a gentle voice I hear,
 That only jests, and cannot jeer.

No matter why—the sea I crost,
 Not sick, tho' somewhat rudely tost :
 And now am posting up the RHINE,
 Fam'd for old castles and old wine ;
 Thanks to my light calèche which steals
 Onward on yet unbroken wheels ;
 Though jolting, shaking my poor bones,
 O'er the rough Pavé's rattling stones,
 Or grating gravel by the side,
 When leave by ruts is not denied.

How one gets on 'tis hard to say,
 Still for the cattle doom'd to stay ;

Some carrying hay, the others hired,
 They must be fed too, and are tired :
 The small third horse (their right by law)
 That will look back, and will not draw;
 The trace and bridle of old rope
 Sure soon to break, and balk your hope :
 In vain you cry " Well now we're gone"
 The driver's off as soon as on ;
 Still something in the tackle wrong ;
 This is too short, and that too long.
 In vain you threaten, coax, or bribe
 This smoking, dozing, self-will'd tribe,
 Proud of the terrors of the whip,
 The huge moustachio on the lip,
 The high-cock'd Hat, and tassell'd horn,
 They hear you—but they hear with scorn :

And when to the Town-gate you get
 Thinking to enter—"Hold"—"Not yet"
 A thousand questions you must answer;
 "Or to get in you have no chance Sir!"
 As—what you are, and what's your name,
 Whither you're going, whence you came;
 "Your passport Sir" Heav'ns! that's mislaid,
 Yourself you absolve, your man upbraid,
 "Of sense he surely is bereft,"
 You wonder "where it can be left"
 Then search and search, and (humbled) find it,
 Just in the very place assign'd it.
 Fam'd HEIDELBERG I reach at last,
 Repaid for toil, and dangers, past :
 The prying custom-house at DOVER :
 The long, or stormy passage over,

One's favorite packet t' other side,
 And that one sails in losing tide;
 The capering boat that comes from CALAIS
 To wet you through and spoil your valise:
 Then through the surf the ride astraddle,
 A Frenchman's shoulders for your saddle:

But thanks to WATT, the gale may blow,
 The restless tide may ebb or flow,
 Self-mov'd the fire-fraught vessel flies,
 Heedless of adverse seas and skies.

But lo! what sudden visions rise
 Before my charm'd, my dazzled eyes!
 What awful Ruins, high in air,
 The subject mountains proudly bear!
 Of gothic kings the ancient home,
 The unconquer'd foes of baffled ROME,

And now believ'd their dwelling-place,
 Though lost by their degenerate race,
 For oft, with solemn wild affright,
 Uncarthy sounds, at dead of night,
 Are heard along the mouldering walls
 Of these unroof'd, deserted, halls;
 While armed Statues lie around
 Prostrate and humbled, on the ground !

With what delight these paths I tread,
 And trace the footsteps of the dead !
 The terraces and gardens fair !
 Where many a flower still scents the air,
 Once throng'd by those who grac'd the Court
 By Dames, and Peers, of lofty port;
 Still to the way-worn pilgrim dear :
 The lovelorn bard still lingers here,

And listens to the funeral cry
Of night-birds, wailing as they fly.
And still, at eve, each holy-day
Here crowd the pensive and the gay;
These bowery steeps ascending slow
From the tower'd City, far below.
Yet wherefore climb the arduous height?
And quit that valley of delight?
Beside yon rocky mountain-stream
Well may the youthful Poet dream,
The traveller pause, the idler stray,
Unconscious of the waning day,
And mark the proud sail bending low
Beneath the humble arch to go;
The jointed raft, now snake-like glide
Now dart impetuous down the tide.

The unwieldy barge o'erladen creep,
 Scarce floating on the murmuring Deep :
 In each calm bay reflected far
 The crimson West, the unquench'd star :
 Or on the hills the cottage-light
 Appear, and vanish from the sight :
 Then, home returning, seek again
 The cheerful haunts of busy men.

Could Britain (heav'n forbid it!) barter
 For aught on earth, her freedom's charter,
 Or change, through wantonness or fear,
 Those laws that she should most revere,
 Self-banish'd I could be content
 Here, with a few, to pitch my tent,
 Here, end my days, and bless my lot,
 Forget the past, and be forgot.

Sweet BADEN too, that Seat of pleasure!
 Where monarchs spend their hard-earn'd leisure,
 And (more attractive guests) the fair,
 Whose smiles a crowd of suitors share;
 How shall my verse, so rude, so weak,
 Presume thy countless charms to speak?
 Thy groves and glens, thy lawns and hills;
 The virtues of thy fuming rills:
 Thy castled heights, thy gay chateau,
 It's caverns, dark and deep below:
 The bright, fantastic Spires that crown
 The steeps of thy aspiring Town:
 Thy shelter'd paths, with many a seat,
 Where the shy strangers fear to meet,
 And scarcely dare each other note,
 Though neighbours at the table d'hôte,

The morning-walk, the ride by day,
At night the bath, the Ball, the Play.

Yet here, ev'n here, is wanting still
Somewhat the craving heart to fill.

Of those I love if one were here,

One only, my lone steps to cheer,

Wert thou but leaning on my arm

All, all would more than doubly charm :

The groves in brighter hues would glow,

The streams in sweeter murmurs flow.

Still more were she our walks to share,

Who, with a more than mother's care,

Thy tender years from harm protects,

Thy manners forms, thy mind directs ;

Or he, so near in blood allied,

Once my companion, now my guide :

Or others, easily divin'd,
To me so dear, to me so kind,
Farewell ! I leave ye with regret
Ye Scenes that I may ne'er forget !
Far wilder those to which I go,
Mountains, and vales of summer-snow :
Now too, with compliments to friends,
This long and dull epistle ends ;
For I am tired, and so are you,
Adieu my dearest Ward adieu !



VI.

EPISTLE

TO A

FRIEND.

INSBRUCK 1821.



To thee my old, my valued friend
Health from the TYROL hills I send.
Oh ! that I *had* the power to grant
The only blessing thou canst want,
Health ! of heav'n's gifts almost the best,
Without it what are all the rest ?

Come quit with me the world of care,
And breathe this salutory air.
That world together we began ;
It's toilsome race together ran ;
Together let us seek repose,
And husband life, so near it's close :

Fanning the embers of that fire,
Which else might unawares expire.
But no!—'tis still thy praise to find
The joys that suit thy vigorous mind
In scenes of energy, not ease,
(The joys that on reflection please,)
From a lov'd wife and children round :
Of all delights the sweetest found !
From affluence and from honor gain'd
By arduous duties well-sustain'd ;
From gratitude for harms repress,
For rights maintain'd, and wrongs redrest.

But yet my friend there is a time
(Believe the truth tho' told in rhyme)
When life should not be spent too fast,
But be economis'd to last.

Of Time (so short at best!) aware
 How little I can have to spare,
 All cares, save duties, I decline,
 And ev'n ambition now resign.
 But little miss'd I freely roam,
 Leaving a solitary home:
 Yet oft I think with fond regret,
 Of those I quit but can't forget.
 Still when my evening-walk is o'er,
 My inn regain'd, and shut my door,
 My winged thoughts delight to stray
 O'er land and sea, far, far away:
 Some face I see, some voice I hear,
 By absence render'd doubly dear,
 And in sweet visions pass the night,
 Chas'd only by the unwelcom'd light.

The day returns : yet still I seem,
 Tho' broad awake, as much to dream :
 So strange the sights that then appear,
 So strange the accents that I hear.

Behold the Stark ascend to perch
 On the green spire of yon tall church !
 Which, like each house, is storied o'er
 With tales of legendary lore :
 The dragon vanquished by the knight :
 The monk that fiends in vain would fright ;
 Who prays, tho' fires around him rise,
 To her that beckons from the skies :
 The Giant-form of aspect mild,
 That on his shoulder bears a child,
 And walks the water as 'twere land,
 Wielding an oak-tree in his hand :

The Saint that bears the labourer's yoke
 And with the beggar shares his cloak,
 Or he, whose cup has power to drown
 The flames, that threat th' affrighted Town.

But see the *living* motley mass!

The dress uncouth that marks each class;
 The bare-foot son, the bare-kneed Sire,
 The hat, now tapering like the spire,
 Now broader than a broad umbrella,
 Black, white and blue, pea-green or yellow.
 The women too—but that's a task,
 That well a hundred tongues might ask,
 That well a hundred tongues might tire,
 So strange, so various, their attire.

Contrasted thus in outward show,
 Their minds few shades of difference know,

Priest-ridden, ignorant, unrefin'd,
 But just, and brave, and not unkind;
 Of each the employment, every day,
 To eat and drink and smoke and pray:
 At every hour, in every street,
 The tinkling bell and Host you meet:
 At every turn the traveller sees
 Crosses almost as thick as trees;
 And not a little scorn it rouses
 To note more chapels built than houses;
 Monks, Friars too, black, white, grey or brown,
 With cord, and cowl, and shaven-crown,
 With surplice, tunic, cloak or vest,
 Lazy and harmless at the best.
 Ill fated man! whose doom is such
 That still too little, or too much,

Is taught his unsuspecting youth,
By those who scorn, or fear, the truth.

Better, far better, of the two,
To hold each tale devoutly true
That priests have feign'd, or beldames old
Have taught, and trembled as they told;
Than in suspense be lost about,
From faith to faith, from doubt to doubt;
Or think, if it deserve that name,
That all from chance, from nothing, came.

Man in foul air may draw his breath,
Exhaust it, and he sinks in death.
For life he needs some atmosphere,
For health one uncorrupt and clear.

Yet worse, far worse, th' accursed creed
That those who err, or doubt, should bleed.

Or suffer torture, loss, or shame,
Because their faith is not the same,
As Pope, or Priest, or Presbyter,
Boasting they can, or do, not err,
Have dared in folly, or in fraud,
As heav'n's decree to send abroad,
Blaspheming, wronging, (impious plan!)
Their maker, God; their brother, man.
Hark! hear ye not those sounds so dread?
The living mourning for the dead—
And see ye not yon sight of woe?
The dying made a public show.
That rolling beat, that thrilling blast,
Proclaim that one now breathes his last:
The bloody wheel, the burning stake,
Failing his dauntless heart to shake,

The irrevocable word was giv'n,

That sends a soul to hell, or heav'n.

Oh say ye mourners what the deeds, or

Unnatural, foul, for which he bleeds?

Just heav'n! ye know not, all ye know

That in yon dungeon, dark, and low,

He groan'd in chains for many a year,

Unheard his sigh, not dried his tear,

And that he now lies breathless here.

The Holy office knows the rest,

Their secrets never are confest.

Haply some dogma he denied,

To check some vile abuse he tried:

He might be evil, might be just;

But all is darkness, and distrust.

Not thus in ENGLAND, no! thank God!
 There bigots wield a broken rod,
 Though smiting with an iron-hand
 Yon verdant isle's devoted land.
 Brought home thus by an episode
 I'll there take up a short abode:
 Or, to speak plainly, I think best
 To give myself, and you, some rest:
 Not without hope that this may find you
 At * *, business left behind you,
 Reclin'd beneath that ancient yew
 Whence most the landscape charms the view,
 Or strolling o'er the busy farm,
 With Jane or Sarah on your arm:
 But they, a side-saddle for their seat,
 Scamper on other people's feet,

Up fam'd BOXHILL, or MICKLEHAM-down,
Or to buy pins in DORKING-town.

Perchance you hear what Jane relates
Of fair Helvetia's happy States ;
Or of gay PARIS does she speak ?
That has no Sunday in her week,
So greedy both of gain and pleasure,
Breaking for both that day of leisure.
Or if the Sun, by some rare chance,
Should through the clouds a moment glance,
Then, with your lady by your side,
Along the sheltering copse you glide,
Or now, at eve, you sit in door,
And turn some classic author o'er ;
One haply of the illustrious dead,
Whom, young, together oft we read.

But now, sometimes, to own the truth,
It is not as it was, in youth:
When after dinner one applies,
The glimmering letters tease the eyes,
The book too is so apt to fall!
And then, methinks, 'tis time to call,
As you do now "John! bring the light"
"I'll go to bed"—Good night! good night!

VII.

EPISTLE

TO A

BROTHER.

BÉX 1821.

OH! that one friendly cloud would rise,
To mitigate these burning skies!
Or that in some sequester'd bay
Floating upon the wave I lay;
While o'er my head the branches play'd
Of some vast oak, a sun-proof shade!
And gentle showers fell pattering round!
Beneath the leaves I'd bless the sound.
My mind relax'd, my body too
Thaws and "resolves itself into a dew!"
While yet I'm visible I'll run
From ITALY'S inclement sun;

For Summer scorches hill and vale,
Dries up the streams, and taints the gale :
Not till yon beaming orb declines,
Thridding the last autumnal Signs,
And in the thirsty river-bed
The clouds of stifling dust are laid,
Yon barrier-Alps to reascend,
And tow'rds the imperial City bend.

As through the glittering peaks I go
Reviv'd I tread the bracing snow :
Each little patch of pasture green,
Each eddyng gust, tho' biting keen,
The very mists that curling rise
And blend the mountains with the skies,
My pulses calm, my strength restore,
And bid me breathe and move once more,

Ne'er to lament, in prose or rhyme,
 The rigours of our northern clime.
 What tho' now gentle, now severe,
 From point to point the breezes veer,
 And many a cloud the heavens obscure :
 From pestilence, from plague secure,
 Still nerv'd to enjoy, and broad awake,
 Our lot, so scorn'd, content we take,
 Nor envy those their heat and light
 Who sleep at noon as well as night.

'Twas thus the rude epistle ran
 Which on the ARNO I began :
 Now happy at your favorite BÉX
 And cool, far other feelings sway.
 Here grateful Memory fain would praise
 Fair ITALY in living lays :

But this demands a loftier strain,
 And I must seek her vales again ;
 Again peruse her storied walls
 In solemn temples, sumptuous halls,
 Where all the rival arts conspire
 To charm, to touch, and to inspire.

Ah ! hapless land where prince and priest
 And stranger-tyrants (" last not least")
 Thy rights deny, thy arms deride,
 And, in the fullness of their pride,
 Or jealous of thy former fame,
 Would rob thee of thy very name.

Oh ! when will the avenger rise ?
 Touch'd by his country's stifled cries,
 (Not loud, but such as those can hear
 To whom their country still is dear)

And, gathering round him host on host,
 From the ALPS to far CALABRIA'S coast,
 Lay, by one bold resistless blow,
 Never to rise the oppressor low?

The Usurper fled, behold once more
 Freedom thy arts and arms restore !
 But, ere that hour of bliss return,
 Thy humbled, scatter'd Sons must earn,
 Must bravely earn their liberty ;
 First be victorious, then be free!
 That blessing must their courage nerve,
 Which to desire is to deserve :
 Old feuds they must forget, forgive,
 And as ONE mighty people live,
 Then shall the world allow their claim
 To more than ev'n their ancient fame.

Not yet!—still holds the vile intrigue,
 Self-nam'd, in fraud, THE HOLY LEAGUE!
 No bigot-folly, but far worse,
 Of heav'n the mockery, earth the curse:
 For tho' the scepter'd Robbers scorn
 Each his confederate, yet "they've sworn"
 "They have an oath in heav'n" and must
 (Good men!) be impious and unjust.

Once, by the grateful world confest,
 Here was a refuge for the oppress.
 But now, in vain the Patriot flies
 From his lov'd home, and native skies;
 In vain of broken faith complains,
 Dragg'd back to death, or worse, to chains.
 Great as thou art my country, thou
 Canst scarce protect the stranger now!

In secret fetter'd to their cause
 The Despots dictate ev'n thy laws. *
 But, thanks to heav'n ! there is a Land
 Above their influence, or command,
 Virtuous their maxims to despise,
 Powerful their violence to chastise.
 Haste ! weigh the anchor, spread the sail
 Wide to the welcome eastern gale :
 Still, still the setting sun pursue ;
 Driv'n from the old world seek the new :
 There fear no more the Exile knows,
 But from his hunters finds repose,
 His own, his country's wrongs proclaims,
 And safe, the baffled tyrant shames.

* The Nation has resumed its ancient generosity and
 independence, 1824.

Yet blame not this just people still,
It is their weakness, not their will,
That yields consent to those that hate,
And fain would crush each unking'd state.
O'er-look this blemish, and once more
The wonders of this land explore :
Beheld with rapture, left with pain,
Yet felt more deeply seen again
Than when at first, with hurried pace,
Surpriz'd, subdued, these scenes we trace,
To loftier heights the hills aspire ;
In deeper gloom the glens retire ;
With sweeter sounds the waters flow,
More brightly their reflections glow.
For who can, self-possess, behold
The visions these wild vales unfold ?

The mountains of eternal snow ?
 The abyss of rifted ice below ?
 The bridge that springs from rock to rock,
 And trembles to the torrent's shock ?
 The fearful pass, whose cliffs between
 The narrow sky is scarcely seen ?
 The liquid chrystal of the rill
 That gushes from the rocky hill ?
 The inland sea, now calm in sleep,
 Now waken'd an o'erwhelming deep ?

Here first, long since, at your request,
 I came, and found delight and rest ;
 And now with joy my o'er-travell'd feet,
 Return to this belov'd Retreat :
 Where, on the loud tumultuous RHONE
 From dawn to dark I muse alone ;

Or listen to the vesper-bell
Echoing through many a craggy dell :
Or, as the soft green lawn I tread,
While chestnuts flower above my head,
The far-off LEMAN LAKE descry,
Fair mirror of the changeful sky !
Now silvery-smooth, now sparkling gold:
Or, o'er the humbler Alps, behold
Those glowing Peaks that long detain
The sun's last rays, tho' dark the Plain,
Then, pale and wan in the cold night-air,
Look like the ghosts of what they were :
Or mark with awe the mouldering towers,
That tell of long-departed hours ;
Or catch the glittering spires that crown
The convent, or the clustering Town,

Or cliffs that guard the little gate ;

Frail barrier between State and State !

More charm'd from hour to hour—and yet

With far more pleasure than regret,

Homeward at length my steps I turn ;

My eyes for other objects yearn :

The fire-side circle, small and dear,

Narrowing, ah narrowing every year !

The chosen, or the neighbour-friend,

The servant pleas'd and proud to attend ;

The well-known door, and even the bed,

On which, so oft reclin'd, my head

Sweet rest has found, or vainly sought

Through the long night of troubled thought.

How slowly, eager to arrive

I think the dull postillions drive !

The leagues seem longer, and the Pavé
Is surely grown more rough and heavy :
Yet haply 'tis in vain I haste,
Doom'd, as before, whole days to waste
Pacing till night on Calais-pier,
Invoking winds that will not hear ;
While not a Packet dares to sail,
Aw'd by the equinoctial gale ;
Still looking o'er to that white shore
Where I so long to tread once more.
E'en now in thought I spring to land,
And grasp o'erjoy'd a brother's hand.

VIII.

EPISTLE

TO A

FRIEND

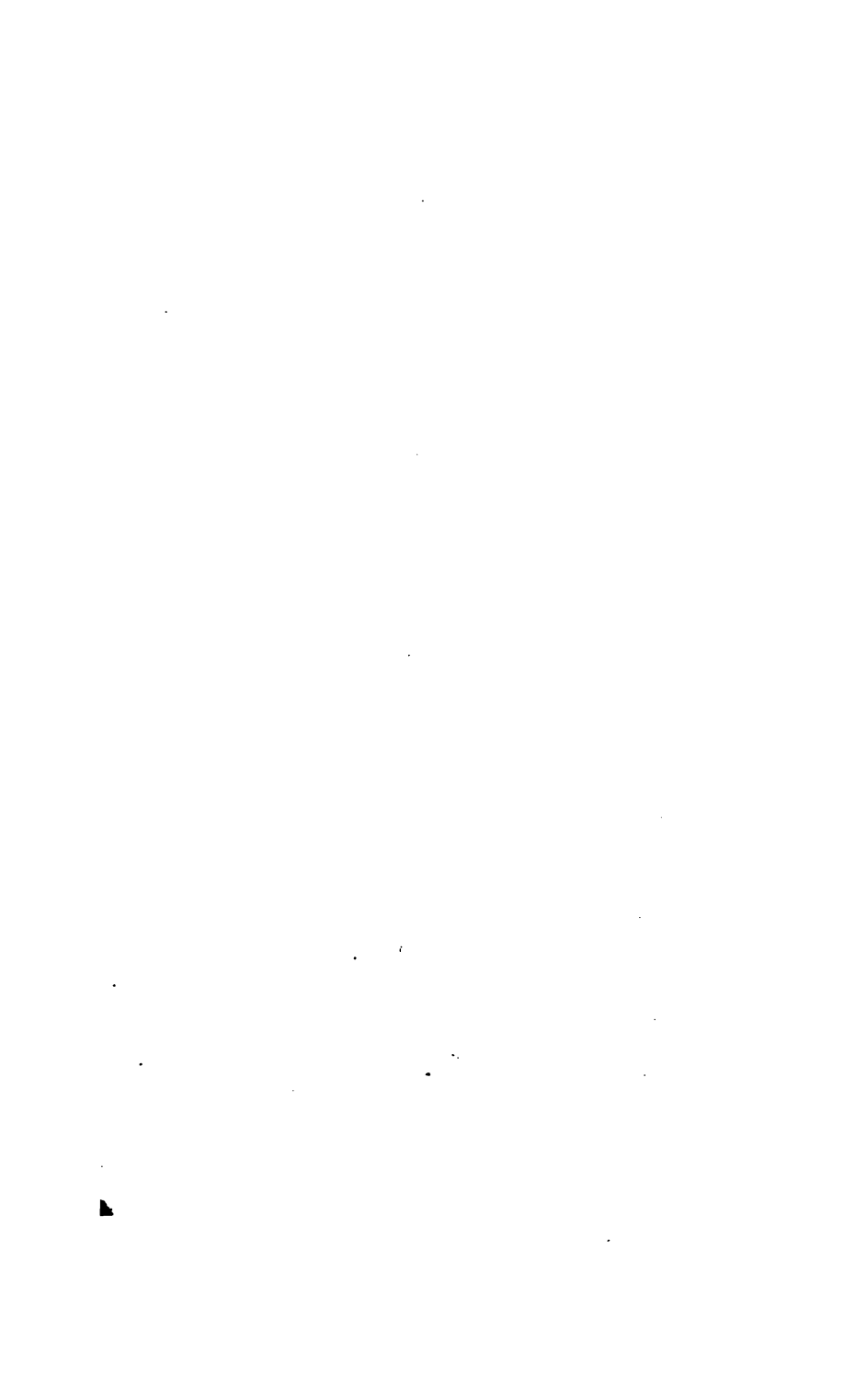
AT HIS

VILLA.

CHAMOUNY 1823.

P





At length you fly from smoke and noise
To wholesome air, and tranquil joys,
From Route and Ball, from Park and Play,
(Day turn'd to night, and night to day)
To cheerful rides at morning-hours,
And evening-walks mid shrubs and flowers,
Where broad, and bright, the stately Thames
From the charm'd guest due homage claims ;
As o'er its wave the white sail glides,
Or the swift steam-boat stems the tides.

But ah ! the Town diffuses far
It's gloomy atmosphere of care ;

The murmurs of it's strife assail
 The peace of each surrounding vale :
 O'er many a mile must toil the feet
 That seek an undisturbed retreat :
 It's pride and vanity are wont
 The meek and humble to affront,
 And tho' forbidden to oppress,
 To make them think their little less.

But you, who all it's stores command
 Yet it's temptations can withstand :
 It's pleasures quit without regret,
 And quickly all it's cares forget.
 More timorous I for safety run,
 And wisely the rough conflict shun.

Once more amid th' eternal snows
 The frozen Alps around me close,

Tho' flames the summer-sun on high,
Just seen athwart the narrow sky ;
The beam of fire, the whelming rain,
Beat on these ice-built rocks in vain :
For reconciled the Seasons here
Dance hand in hand throughout the year.
In this disorder, these extremes,
As if in sport wild Nature seems
To scorn restraint, and break all laws ;
Alarm'd we fly to her great Cause,
And, awed tho' tranquillized, we hail
The goodness that can never fail
Of Him, who all these wonders plann'd,
And in whose presence *here* we stand,
Who gave us (grateful let us kneel !)
Eyes to discern, and hearts to feel.

Let then th' aerial Spire arise,
 And tower on tower invade the skies ;
 On clustering shafts the proud dome raise ;
 With gems and gold the walls emblaze ;
 Bid Art with Truth wage generous strife,
 And soften marble into life :
 Then consecrate, in pomp, the Pile,
 While wondering angels gaze and smile ;
Here are his temples, *here* his court !
 Hither the Pilgrim should resort ;
 Not cross the desert's burning sands
 To bow at altars built by hands,
 Nor to LORETTO's shrine repair,
 Though Spirits bore it through the air.
 Nurs'd in these scenes sublime, severe,
 The wild, but pious Mountaineer
 Learns their great Author to revere :

Gentle, tho' ever prone to dare,
And, when the need is, firm to bear,
'Tis his to extort by patient toil
His hard fare from a churlish soil :
Through pathless hills to guide, and save
The wanderer from a sudden grave.
Or, on his pike-staff bounding high,
From rock to rock, o'er torrents fly :
Or cowering on his knees to creep
Along the ridge of some tall Steep,
Chasing the Chamois—"dreadful calling."
Ever mid sights, and sounds appalling ;
Above! the avalanche!—below !
The crevasse in the treacherous snow !
Where Death lurks, waiting for his prey,
Watching the hunter on his way.

The path breaks down—Behold he falls!
 In vain to climb the glassy walls
 He strives, and strives :—he shouts in vain,
 Far far from all the haunts of men ;
 Deep in the narrow chasm he lies,
 No more to see the cheerful skies ;
 Not one of all his soul holds dear
 To close his eyes, or dress his bier :
 Unknown his burial-place, tho' guest
 Alas! too truly, all the rest:
 They search but find not. He must lie
 For ever hid from human eye.
 Yet bites not there the insulting worm,
 Even Time respects his manly form :
 He still shall sleep, unchang'd, tho' lost,
 Embalm'd in everlasting frost.

Alive that manly form could please,
 Though clad in undy'd robe of frieze.
 Heav'ns! how unlike the half-sex'd Beau,
 Screw'd in new stays for Rotten-row!
 With tiny coat, but huge cravat,
 Rings, seals, and glasses, and "all that!"
 Enough—Farewell! with higher matter
 'Tis wrong to blend truth so like satire.



IX.

EPISTLE

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

ROME, 1823.



Lur'd by thy verse behold once more
Thy friend fair ITALY explore !
And tho', by suffering taught, I shun
Her unrelenting summer-sun,
Yet now I woo his beams, to cheer
The gloom of an expiring year :
Where, mid the ruins round her spread,
ROME lifts on high her mitred head,
Once circled by the imperial crown,
To which a subject-world bow'd down.
Now weak tho' reverend, in decay,
She scarcely claims her ancient sway ;

But begs a little homage, paid
 Less to the living than the dead,
 Whose honor'd tombs, now mouldering round,
 Can consecrate the very ground.

Palace and dome scarce heeded rise,
 More sees the memory than the eyes.
 Yet here (the work of modern hands)
 In state, the noblest temple stands,
 That to his great Creator's praise
 The piety of man could raise :
 Here too, like breathing nature warm,
 Dwells many a bright, angelic Form,
 Hewn from the rock by matchless skill,
 Once Gods, and almost worshipp'd still !
 And here the pencil's magic hues
 Their spells along the walls diffuse,

Calling saints, heroes, from the grave,
Again to teach, again to save.

Th' eternal city as I trace
The present to the past gives place :
The Spirits of the Dead appear,
And sounds divine transport my ear ;
I listen, heedless of the throng,
To TULLY's speech, or MARO's song.
Now, winding through the sculptur'd arch
Behold the long triumphal march :
Or mark the warrior-horseman leap
Fearlessly down the yawning deep ;
Or him, who, singly, dares oppose,
(Striding the bridge) a host of foes.
Now, shuddering, the stern consul see
His rebel sons to death decree ;

Or, in the Senate, hail the blow,
 That lays the great Usurper low,
 But who, on thrones, in robes of state
 Silently sit, and smile at Fate?
 The Conscript-sires—tho' fierce and rude
 The Conqueror is himself subdued,
 And drops the spear, and bends the knee,
 Esteeming each a Deity!

Oh! how in latter life it cheers
 To triumph o'er the power of years!
 Calm'd not exhausted to perceive
 That we can feel, admire, believe
 E'en to the last, as in our prime,
 Spite of the malice of old Time.
 Not more our joy, than pride, to know
 That the chill'd blood, again can glow;

That Fancy still has wings to soar
 High as she oft was wont before :
 And Hope still listens to her song,
 As erst when credulous and young :
 That there are vales where smiling Spring
 Is lovelier than the poets sing ;
 And Nature's bright realities
 Transcend what Painting can devise :
 Where May can trust, in field and bower,
 Her blossoms to the morning-hour,
 Nor dreads the venomous East should breathe,
 To blight the flowerets in her wreath ;
 Where scarcely swells a bud in vain
 Of blushing fruit, or golden grain.

Alas! fair Land! that thy rich dower,
 Should ever be the prize of power.

Yielded to Vandal, Moor, or Gaul,
 Or Bigot-sloth, far worse than all!
 Oh Grief! that blessings too profuse
 Should turn to curses by th' abuse;
 That Virtue, Freedom, still must fly
 For shelter to a frozen sky!

Like gold all Good requires alloy,
 We learn by suffering to enjoy.
 Once thy possessors, great in arms,
 Defended, and deserv'd thy charms,
 Well taught (alas! in times gone by)
 Brayely to conquer, or to die.
 Then the rude Hun rough welcome found,
 And with his bones manur'd the ground,
 Tho' now his haughty banner waves
 High o'er his vanquish'd father's graves.

Now must thy humbled sons regret,

The present bear, the past forget,

Blush when they hear their fathers' fame,

And hide in smiles their grief and shame;

Not long—soon shall the smouldering fire,

Explode in thunder, or expire;

Oh! not the last!—in vain they dare

(The crown'd conspirators) to share

The earth between them, as their prey

Willing to suffer and obey.

As soon shall they forbid the sun,

Save at their will, his course to run,

Arrest the ocean-tides, or bind

The pinions of the wandering wind.

What though of much the Land's bereft,

Enough to regain *all* is left!

Art, Science, Letters still survive
The Liberty that bade them thrive :
And many a poet of high name
Upholds his country's former fame.
Thy latest theme ; well chos'n by thee
The bard inspir'd by Memory !
And greatly shall thy lasting lay
Her hospitality o'erpay :
Long long the rival to remain
Ev'n of her noblest native strain.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

EPITAPH

ON

*** MR. HENDERSON**

**Born to delight at once and mend the age,
Life to adorn, and dignify the stage,
No more oh HENDERSON! thy magic art
Shall wake at will each passion of the heart;
No more thy ardor fire, thy humour cheer,
Nor at thy bidding start the obedient tear!**

*** Buried in Westminster Abbey, 3d December, 1785.**

No more shall crowds entranc'd, scarce breathing see
The dreams of Shakspeare realiz'd by thee.
Yet, were this all, this loss thy friends might bear,
And ev'n with pride the general sorrow share,
But can they hope again, in one, to find
Thy sense and genius, wit and worth, combin'd ?
Where shall thy widow'd wife, thy orphan-child
Meet love so warm, authority so mild ?
Alas ! thy fame shall still renew their grief :
And Time itself to them refuse relief.

THE ROSE.

POET

Say lovely Rose, so fragrant and so fair !
Why art thou doom'd these rugged thorns to bear ?
None sure would steal thee from thy native bower,
Though smooth thy stem, and silken as thy flower.

ROSE

Once was I a poor weed, a worthless briar ;
Till HE, who tun'd thy voice, and strung thy lyre,
Bade me these soft and blushing leaves to bear,
And scatter perfume to the summer-air.

For, as she fled whose love he long had sought,
 Her fluttering garments in my branches caught,
 And she was won to listen to his vows :
 When lo ! these blooms, these odours deck'd my boughs !

POET

Blest omen hail ! one opening bud I'll bear
 To grace the obdurate bosom of my Fair :
 Haply he might to thy sweet breath impart
 A subtle virtue to subdue the heart—
 If such thy power I can be grateful too ;
 And thy entrancing scent, thy vermeil hue,
 And this thy story, they shall live in verse,
 And none henceforth thy guard of thorns asperse.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

THERE was an ancient sage, I'm told,

Who held that "man should weep"

The doctrine's sour as well as old,

Not good enough to *keep*.

But, for the honor of those times,

It must be own'd, another

Maintain'd the tenet of these rhymes,

And scorn'd his whining brother.

That must be *true* philosophy
 Which bids us smile at Care,
 Since, whether mortals laugh or cry,
 What happens they must bear.

Is there in sighs and tears a power
 To soften stubborn Fate?
 Or add one unpredestin'd hour
 To our appointed date?

The turnpike-road to happiness
 Through misery leads; no doubt!
 Though somewhat rough, you must confess,
 And rather round about.

There is a path more smooth and near,

Trust me, for I have tried ;

I did not ask my way of Fear,

Hope is a better guide.

Companion gay ! that ever leads

Through verdure and through flowers,

And talks, whene'er the tempest breeds,

Of sunshine after showers.

Yet dwell not with her, though she toy,

And promise fair, and woo,

But win and wed her sister, Joy,

Still lovelier, and more true.

Youth, like a morning vision, flies :

Waking we sigh in vain

To close once more our aching eyes,

And dream it o'er again.

Ah ! still ye dear illusions stay !

Still let me think ye true :

All the poor certainties of life

I'll gladly change for you

Fold Fancy, fold thy busy wing !

Sleep troubled memory, sleep !

Why should one fly our cares to bring ?

The other wake to weep ?

Our youth seem'd short because so sweet,

Then why should we repine?

Because we did our breakfast eat

Must we refuse to dine?

Why should we look before, behind,

Unless the prospect charms?

Draw up the window! drop the blind!

Whene'er the road alarms.

The future is beyond our power,

The past we should forget;

We can't afford the present hour

Should run away in debt.

'Tis well we yesterday thought so,

Aware it could not stay :

To-morrow may not come you know,

We'll therefore live to-day.

THE END.

R. GREENLAW, Printer, 36, High Holborn.



